

256-1000

Looking through the keyhole

Looking through the keyhole, peering out from behind
We can only look ahead not knowing what we'll find
Limited distractions, but still we're in a bind
It's such a bind

Looking through the keyhole, studying my life
Difficult to pull away, speculation rife
Teetering and living as if on the edge of a knife
A sharp knife

Looking through the keyhole is no way to spend my days
There's no way to make sense of this existential maze
And peering through this keyhole only compliments the haze
I'm in a haze

Looking through the keyhole, a closet full of bones
Ne'er again to cast aspersions or arm myself with stones
For I know through reflection crimes for which i cannot atone
There's no way to atone

The keyhole may be narrow
But the view is crystal clear
I struggle to look truthfully
For the truth leaves me in fear
I watch in horror as i dance
The dance of so many men
And hypnotized i kneel And stare
Through the keyhole yet again